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## An Original Prize Story.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

### THE FATE OF MILDRED WEIR.

By Mrs. Clara Dargan McLean.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Away, and mock the time with falset show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth  
know."

Methought I heard a voice cry, "sleep no more!"  
MACBETH.

The sun lit up the pleasant breakfast parlor where a small round table was laid for two. An elderly lady with that unmistakable air of respectability which belongs to the class of English upper-servants, was superintending the tea-tray where steaming urns of fragrant Mocha and "real old Bohea" exhaled in their massive silver sides an exquisite set of *Servas* ware, Colonel Meredith's particular penchant. A servant entered, bringing the breakfast dishes.

"Have you seen your master, Lawrence?" the house-keeper asked. She had a certain inflection of voice which indicated at once her full appreciation of the responsible position she occupied.

"Yes, ma'am; he and Mr. Waldemar are talking on the colonnade."

"Well, go and announce breakfast."

The gentleman entered, both courteously greeting the house-keeper, who stood until they were seated.

"Now, my dear Alexis," Colonel Meredith said, as if continuing, or rather concluding, a conversation, "dismiss all fears, and trust me for a happy issue. We will drive over to Weir-wood to luncheon this morning, and I will make it convenient to speak to Mrs. Weir."

"You are very kind, sir," Waldemar replied. He was looking so pale that one even less interested in him than his guardian, who concentrated all affection upon him in lieu of other ties, had been shocked at the great change in his naturally insouciant manner. There was, too, an evident restraint which he tried in vain to overcome.

"You are very kind, sir," he repeated; and was about to continue when he became aware of Mrs. Collier's presence. After pouring out coffee, she usually left the room, and had seemed to do so this morning before the conversation began; but now she suddenly emerged from a china-closet, and crossing the apartment as if totally unconscious of being *de trop*, stood for a moment rearranging the flowers in a basket, and then her black silk with its *frou-frou*, disappeared in the veranda beyond.

Colonel Meredith looked annoyed. Things were always so ordered that the presence of a domestic was not necessary at a *de-lie-a-lie* meal, and many pleasant, unrestrained conversations had been carried on under this salutary arrangement. The meal was finished in comparative silence; and being over, Waldemar accompanied his host to the sunny colonnade where they smoked their cigars without fear of intrusion.

No further allusion was made to the subject nearest his heart till they were on their way to Weir-wood, and Waldemar began:

"I have been wishing to say to you that perhaps it would be better to let this matter rest for the present—at least until I am better known to Mrs. Weir. As a stranger—"

"My dear boy," Colonel Meredith exclaimed, "I never charged you with a want of self-esteem before. There is no possible reason why you should wait, except this undue humility, which I allow is an attribute of true love. But remember the old adage, 'Faint heart'—and don't fear to put your fate to the touch. I will take the initiative by saying all I can in your favor to Mrs. Weir. As for Mildred I see there is no need of praising you to her. The thousand innocent blushes speak her feelings plainly."

Fairly overpowered by the unusual locution of his friend, Waldemar remained silent, while Colonel Meredith continued:

"I am so truly interested in you, Alexis, that I may be influenced more by my affection than my judgment; but I am convinced that your faults—which I do not deny—will be greatly modified, if not entirely eradicated, by a happy marriage. I have known Mildred from infancy, and of all women in the world, I would choose her as the one best calculated to insure happiness to a man of your temperament."

In the rapturous dissertation which followed, Waldemar forgot all save the fair girl whose praises he heard with glowing heart; and when they reached the iron gates of Weir-wood, he had no definite idea beyond his unbounded love for her.

Colonel Meredith kept his promise to speak to the mother in behalf of her daughter's lover. Occasion offered itself when, luncheon being over, the lovers were side by side at the piano, and Aunt Agatha in the dining-room on hospitable thoughts intent. He approached the subject very delicately, having first dwelt upon Waldemar's many good qualities, and then, by way of enlisting sympathy, alluding to his early orphanage and the sad isolation of his present life. Mrs. Weir made no response until he directly spoke of a desire to see his ward happily married.

"Pray, my dear Colonel," she interrupted in a low voice, "do not allude to that at present. This acquaintance is too brief to build upon, and I cannot repress my fears as to his capacity for domestic happiness. He is too much a man of the world—to be accomplished, too handsome, in short—to rest contented in the quiet life of a country gentleman with a simple-hearted wife."

As she spoke, both glanced involuntarily toward the piano where Waldemar was seated—the softened light from a shaded window playing over his upturned face, as he sang in low soulful voice:

"My heart is wasted with my woe,  
Oriauna,  
There is no rest for me below,  
When the long, dim woods are ribbed with snow,  
And loud the Norland whirrls blow,  
Alone I wander to and fro,  
Oriauna."

"Oh! breaking heart that will not break,  
Oriauna;  
Oh! pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,  
Oriauna,  
Thou smilest but thou dost not speak,  
And then the tears run down my cheek,  
Oriauna,  
What wastest thou? Whom dost thou seek,  
Oriauna."

"I cry aloud: none hear my cries,  
Oriauna,  
Thou comest between me and the skies,  
I feel the tears of blood arise  
Up from my heart unto my eyes,  
Oriauna,  
Within thy heart my arrow lies,  
Oriauna."

"O, cursed hand! oh! cursed blow!  
Oriauna,  
O, happy thou that liest low,  
Oriauna!  
All night the silence seems to flow  
Beside me in my utter woe,  
Oriauna,  
A weary, weary way I go,  
Oriauna."

"When Norland winds pipe down the sea,  
Oriauna,  
I walk, I dare not think of thee,  
Oriauna,  
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,  
I dare not die and come to thee,  
Oriauna,  
I hear the roaring of the sea,  
Oriauna."

The recitative—for it was scarcely more—sank into a mere whisper as he uttered the last lines. Mildred had turned away her face for she felt the pathos of the words—the music—the intense expression—too much to remain unmoved. Mrs. Weir saw the attitude of each; she heard the thrilling, attenuated, organ-chords which swelled and died beneath his fingers. All mother-prudence, all voice of selfish fear, was hushed. She leaned over and whispered with moistened eyes:

"I can never say 'No' to him."

Colonel Meredith caught the kind, matronly hand, and his face beamed with gladness.

"I can never thank you enough," he said, "for granting me this."

Swiftly the hours of that happy day went by. Mildred never forgot it—the brightest and sweetest of all her life's bright, sweet April. A passing shower, through which the sun still showed his smiling face; a little breeze, tender as a mother's cradle song; the low lapping of waves on the shore; the fragrance of hyacinths and lilies and roses pervading the warm air, almost tropic in its luxurious softness. To Waldemar it was Eden. What black shadow warned him of the awful future? None! none! He revelled in the beautiful life of to-day as the dancing ephemera: the mysterious and fearful to-morrow he reckoned not of.

The sun was setting; and alone upon the level, shining beach the lovers walked. Only a few hours had elapsed since the formal consent of her mother had been gained; and now young, lovely, and beloved—what more could Fate bestow! Waldemar's arm rested upon the waist of his betrothed; her hand was in his.

"Alexis," she murmured, "this happiness seems more than I can bear. I feel as if waiting breathlessly for something to come next—some terrible calamity."

She shuddered and grasped his arm. Then quickly altering her tone as she saw the sudden change in his face—the look of one at bay with Fate—she added:

"I remember those beautiful lines of Hood,  
'The sunlit thicket cast sternest shade,  
And there is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid.'"

"Mildred!"—Waldemar's voice sounded strangely deep and intense—"I believe now that you love me. Can your love stand a test—a terrible test?"

The only reply was the tightening of the slender fingers over his. There was a long silence. The waves rippled to their feet; the gulls skimming over the water seemed but motes in the level line of low sunlight which shone like a glorious path across the Gulf; the wind came softly and lifted Mildred's brown hair; and the two angels, Ormuzd and Ahirman, fought furiously. Oh! fearful contest! Well might one shrink from its contemplation; but in every breast that duel must come, sooner or later. "Va Victis!" With Waldemar it was brief. His face grew white and set. Conscience urged him to be true; Love urged him to be true. Then the demon, Self, lifted the two-edged sword, and slew the gentler restraints.

"The test!" whispered Mildred, nestling closer to his side.

He started, and the light ended forever.

"My darling," he said, drawing her to him with encircling arms, "I only asked that I might hear your answer. I require only this proof—" and bending his head to hers their lips met. It was the first time—and the last!

What Waldemar intended—how he ever hoped to disentangle this fearful web of deception no one ever knew. Perhaps, true to his nature, he resolved to let circumstances control him and dictate, step by step, his future course. No words did he breathe to his guardian that hinted at the difficulties in which he was involved; only an unnatural abstraction betrayed at times the morbid state of his mind.

Two days elapsed without a visit to Weir-wood. Colonel Meredith was suffering from sudden indisposition, induced by exposure to the damp night-air; and Waldemar was undergoing the reaction of violent excitement which made him glad of an excuse to be alone.

He had sent a note, full of affectionate assurances, explaining the cause of his absence, and was leaning against the gate, smoking and watching for the return of his messenger, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of a man who stood in a similar attitude, nonchalantly supporting himself against a tree not many yards distant. Something in the face and figure was familiar to him; and a shudder of fear and hatred swept over Waldemar as his mind quickly reverted to the midnight scene in St. Stephen's church on Mardigras. It was the face he had noticed there.

"What do you want, my man?" he asked in a voice of feigned carelessness. He felt a conviction that it was better to risk nothing by giving way to the fierce rage which shook him like a very aspen leaf.

The stranger's face grew dark at the patronizing tone and manner. He was not ill-looking; a broad, powerfully-built frame, square and muscular, features large, yet well-rounded, and thick hair and beard of tawny yellow—a man, on the whole, that one would not willingly offend, so strongly were the animal instincts developed—so apparent the dogmatic Saxon attributes of self-assertion. No wonder that Waldemar, shrunk from the contest who though physically brave, was now the slave of accusing conscience.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" the stranger questioned without changing his position.

"Yes; I asked if you wanted anything of me. If you do, I am willing to hear."

"Willing to hear!" was the scornful reply. "Mr. Waldemar," advancing slowly, and looking full into the face of his opponent—"you shall hear. Do you know me? I am the only avenger of Rose Collier—your wife."

He spoke the words distinctly and deliberately; then paused.

Waldemar collected his scattered senses. "I believe I recognize you, Gilbert," he said in a weary, deprecating way; "you are her cousin—the little boy I used to wrestle with on this very lawn."

He looked around as he spoke.

"I have done Rose a great wrong, but I loved her, poor girl! And I love her still. I have done all I could to repair that injury, Gilbert. You saw me make her my wife; I can do no more."

"You can, and you shall," was the response. "I tell you, Alexis Waldemar, there is but one alternative; either acknowledge her before the world—or I will make you repent it." The threat was not desperate; it was quietly spoken. But Waldemar felt what it implied in all his curdling veins.

"Do you dare to threaten me?" he cried, and his eyes flashed with irrepresible fury—"Do you dare to dictate terms to me? Be gone—or I will not be responsible for the consequences."

He was turning away when the pressure of a heavy hand upon his arm arrested him.

"Stop! This is the last time I shall give you an opportunity to right yourself. To-morrow morning your wife arrives here, and Colonel Meredith shall know all—aye, and others besides him shall know."

The words struck fresh trepidation to Waldemar's accusing heart.

"She has promised me to say nothing," he began, but Gilbert Collier interrupted him.

"Yes, poor silly soul, she would have promised you anything; and I who loved her more in one hour than you could in all your craven, selfish life, never asked her to make me a promise. I thought she was worthy of a better man—and God forgive me! I have helped her sign her death-warrant."

The storm-cloud on his heavy brow lowered fearfully, and Waldemar could answer never a word.

In a moment Gilbert regained his self-possession, and continued:

"My mother has told me that you are plotting to bring another innocent young girl into misery, but you shall not—I say, you shall not! To-morrow morning Rose Waldemar comes to claim her place and name, and I dare you to deny her."

A sound of galloping hoofs was heard, and the messenger rode up. Gilbert Collier walked away as quietly as if he had been discussing the weather. Waldemar looked after him with a dazed stare. He could not—he would not believe it. Rose coming! He had left her in an obscure boarding-house where she had lodgings with a half-dozen other working-women belonging to Madame Olympe's establishment. Thither he went the night before his departure from the city, and made one wild appeal to the poor creature whose vanity and credulity had been her greatest flaws. He implored her to keep silence—at least for the present; and then, when unable to refuse him, she had acquiesced, he endeavored by every means to draw from her the name of her accomplice in the deception. But in vain. On this point she remained obdurate. His anger rose to boiling-point as he now began to suspect Gilbert Collier—who by his own acknowledgment—was the girl's cousin, perhaps her lover. This idea, Briar-like, entwined him with its thousand arms. He dwelt upon it till he began to feel like one possessed.

The note in his hand was crushed almost unread. He hastened to the house, and locked himself in his own apartment.

#### CHAPTER X.

"One more unfortunate."—HOOD.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HAMLET.

It was almost midnight when there came a tap at the door. Waldemar opened it, half-smothering an oath as he did so. The fair, full face of the house-keeper appeared, illuminated by the lamp she held in her hand.

"If you please, sir, Colonel Meredith wishes to see you," she said with a courtesy. Waldemar looked keenly at her. Had she been betraying him to his guardian? Mrs. Collier, shrewd and quick of perception, read the suspicion before it was fairly formed.

"He is suffering very much; the neuralgia has spread to his chest, and he is breathing very hard. He thinks it might help him to see you."

Waldemar hastily threw on his dressing gown and followed her to the sick-room. Colonel Meredith was lying upon a lounge, evidently in acute agony. He did not speak, but motioned Alexis to his side.

The house-keeper was a famous nurse. She scarcely allowed her master to rest a moment, but administered some new medicine or offered some new palliative continually. The sound of her footsteps and the rustle of her dress became an intolerable nuisance to the invalid.

"I think," he whispered to Waldemar, "I could perhaps sleep if she would only go away. I can't stand that everlasting black silk. Mrs. Collier," raising his voice, "will you please go and lie down now. You are wearing yourself out, and I shall want you again to-morrow. Do try and rest, my good woman."

"Very well, sir," was the quiet reply; and after shaking up the pillows, she left the room.

In a few minutes Colonel Meredith fell asleep. Waldemar sat by the window and looked at the brilliant moonlit scene below. The gardens, the lawn, the far-stretching fields and orchards were flooded with silver radiance; and the intense stillness was only enhanced by the distant murmur of waves.

He sat thus till the grey dawn began to break—his own thoughts too confused and miserable to be called a reverie; and the sick man's breathing coming regularly from the other end of the apartment alone preserved him from that sense of utter loneliness which at this time would have been unbearable. Presently there was an unusual sound, as if of wheels grating upon the gravelled sweep. He rose softly, and going to a front window, saw below a carriage, and a female figure descending from it. At the horses' heads stood a man whom he instantly recognized as Gilbert Collier. In another moment the house-keeper appeared; and as the moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the newly-arrived, Waldemar saw it was his wife!

He sank down upon the floor. Alas! what a coward had this man become. Here, the accomplished swordsman, whose glittering blade had clashed in a half-dozen Continental duels—who knew no fear when scaling the giddy precipice in pursuit of the chamois and roebuck—who shrank from no danger by field or flood, and dared a thousand deaths—he now quailed before the presence of a slight girl! So true it is that

"Conscience does make cowards of us all," Colonel Meredith avowed.

"What is that noise, Alexis?" he asked, in tones of alarm.

Waldemar was at his side in a moment.

"Nothing, dear sir, but the arrival of Mrs. Collier's niece. The night-train gets in at this hour, you know."

"Ah! yes," the invalid murmured; "I remember now, the good old soul said she expected Rose. The poor girl has been cooped up in the city so long that a little country air will do her no harm. Yes, I am glad she is come, and Mrs. Collier has Gilbert here, too, which is very pleasant for them all. Ring the bell, Alexis."

When the servant appeared, Colonel Meredith declared he was so much better that he no other attendant was necessary; and Waldemar went to his own room, threw himself on the bed, and fell into a heavy slumber of exhaustion and despair.

Poor misguided little Rose Collier was not sleeping. She lay on her aunt's bed and tossed to and fro, till the sun-beams began to stream in through the closed blinds. Then she sat up, and pushed the tangled hair away from her burning brow. The house-keeper had long since gone away to her duties; she knew all that was to be told of the Mardigras story—Gilbert had taken care that no blame should be attached to Rose—and now she had only one idea and intention; to see that her niece was "righted." In her dogged English mind no suggestion of compromise was ever entertained. Rose was to be called Mrs. Waldemar; and Colonel Meredith was to know all as soon as he was able to bear it.

She settled, and though Rose was a spoiled, petted, motherless creature, she never dreamed of saying "nay" to anybody.

Now as she sat up and looked around at the familiar apartment, she wondered if all she had passed through since last she saw it, was not some hideous dream. But, alas! it was a terrible reality. Hastily arranging her dress, she went down into the garden—anywhere to get a fresh, full breath, for the atmosphere seemed to stifle her.

As she walked slowly along through the winding paths, everything was teeming with fresh, vernal life. Roses and lilies blowing—the green sword spangled with dew-gems—flecked clouds piled up in the azure sky like snowdrifts—all was so bright, so sweet, so tenderly, exquisitely lovely that this child of Nature—whose whole sensibility being yearned toward the Beautiful—felt her heart expand and glow with sudden delight. She sat down on the steps of a summer-house and folded her hands as if praying dumbly. Who knows but that prayer was for *rest*! And how soon did God grant it to the tossed bark!

Presently the fragrance of a cigar floated above the breath of a hundred flowers was wafted towards her; then she heard a footstep, and Waldemar appeared, coming down the walk. He recognized her—sitting there so pale and sad, like the poor Gretchen before her silent spinning-wheel—and his heart melted with pity.

"Rose," he said, standing beside her and holding out his hand, "forgive you."

Her foot became entangled in a trailing vine; he let go her arm suddenly, she lost her balance—and over—over into the dark sullen waters!

One wild cry—"Waldemar!" and they closed over her.

The murderer stood petrified. Was all over so easily? Was his slavery thus quickly ended? The demon whispered; but a human pity dawned over that crazed mind even then. He could save her—he would. Poor little Rose, who had loved him since she was a toddling baby—Rose, who had pressed her sweet lips to his, and twined her soft arms around his neck a thousand times. Was she to die before his very eyes? Again the demon urged—"She is the rock which drags you down to perdition." And all in one horrible moment darted through his brain like red-hot needles. Again he saw the white gleam of her dress; he heard a gurgling sound, and all was still.

The dusk grew denser. The wail of the whippoorwill echoed with weird distinctness through the silent woods. Far off the ban-sherey of the screech-owl came faintly floating. Damp, odorless exhalations filled the heavy air from the poison-cups of many a brilliant creeper.

On the mossy ground lay Waldemar—all alone in abject despair—in insane terror. He lifted his eyes; they fell upon the ghostly surface of the bayou, now lit with the rising moon. Suddenly he rose and fled—on—on—through the thick wood, the overhanging boughs striking him in the face as with avenging hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]  
(Copies of the Enquirer containing the previous chapters of this story can be furnished to subscribers.)

ishers, the wheels were restored to the shafts, all sails set, and she went into the Mersey amidst the wildest astonishment of all beholders.

The Savannah remained at Liverpool a little over a month, during which time she made several excursions in the river, to the delight and astonishment of the inhabitants. A journal of that city characterized those trips as "the most striking exhibition of steam navigation which has yet been seen in our port."

July 23d, the Savannah sailed from Liverpool for St. Petersburg, her original destination. She sped in her northern course, says an account, awakening the echoes of the distant Scandinavian shores with sounds even stronger than the shouts and battle songs of the ancient Vikings. The approach of this beautiful messenger from the young civilization of the New World, to the still, half-sleeping monarchies of the Elder Hemisphere, only just shaken in their slumber by the iron hand of Napoleon, was an event in their history full of instruction and prophecy.

At St. Petersburg, Capt. Rogers and his strange crew were met by a Russian demonstration of respect and admiration. The czar himself went on board, complimented the captain, his ship and his countrymen, and made him a present of two iron chairs, which, on his return, Capt. R. devoted to the city of Savannah.

The Savannah remained at St. Petersburg for several weeks, and on her return touched at Copenhagen, Arundel and Norway. Many wished to purchase her. The King of Sweden offered Captain Rogers \$100,000 for her, to be paid in heavy bills of the new New York, Boston and Philadelphia, but the offer was refused. Whether the Captain had no power to sell, or preferred the cash, does not fully appear. The bold little ship turned her course westward and arrived in Savannah, in ballast, November 30th, after a voyage of fifty days from St. Petersburg, including stoppages, all well, and to use Captain Rogers' own language, "neither a screw, bolt nor rope-yarn parted, although she experienced very rough weather."

In the month of December the Savannah visited Washington city, where she astonished the "collective wisdom," and from there went to New York.

With this one trip across the Atlantic, appears to have closed her brilliant career. Why, we cannot say. Perhaps the heavy cost of running her with only wood as fuel would not admit of successful competition with the sails. Be this as it may, soon after her return to New York, and giving to the world a grand step in the march of civilization—glory enough for one ship—the Savannah was divested of her steam apparatus and converted into a packet ship of the same name, and ran for some years between Savannah and New York. Her engines and boilers were sold to the proprietors of the Allaire Works, in New York, for the sum of \$16,000. The engines were put to other uses, and did good service for many years. The identical cylinder on exhibition at the Crystal Palace show in New York, some fifteen or twenty years ago, and attracted no little attention.

The final fate of the Savannah was sad one. In one of her trips from this city to New York she was driven ashore in a storm, on Long Island, and went to pieces.

Savannah Republican.

#### Miscellaneous Reading.

THE FIRST OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

In absence of more exciting topics, a brief account of the first ocean steamship ever built, may be found interesting. As is well known, she was named "The Savannah," and for her construction, which has led to such grand results, the world is indebted to certain enterprising citizens of Savannah.

The Savannah was built in New York, and finished in the month of February, 1819. She was three hundred tons burthen, clipper built, full rigged for most and sail, and propelled by one inclined, direct acting, low pressure engine, similar to those now in use. The size of her cylinder was forty inches diameter, with six feet stroke. She carried twenty inches of steam. The water wheels were of wrought iron, with only one flange, and entirely uncovered. They were so attached to the shaft that their removal and shipment on deck could be accomplished in from fifteen to twenty minutes, without occasioning the slightest inconvenience. She had two masts and a single mainmast, and was propelled by a single screw, the two being separated and both handsomely furnished. All berths, thirty-two in number, were state rooms, and provided with every comfort. She was commanded by Capt. Moses Rogers, and, as before stated, owned in Savannah.

At her trial trip in New York bay, the Savannah excited the greatest interest. Nearly the whole population were out to witness the grand event—grand to them only for its novelty—but transcendently grand in the wonderful revolution that it was destined to effect as to distant trips in the naval and commercial marine of the whole civilized world. The performance of the new ship was not only satisfactory, but commanded the greatest admiration. Her trip down the bay to the present quarantine ground, opposite Staten Island, and back again, was accomplished in a period of time hitherto unapproached by ships, and the success was most gratifying to all. Her speed without sails is set down at five knots, though vessels that passed her under steam and sail in her voyage across the Atlantic, reported her movement at from nine to ten knots.

The Savannah left New York for Savannah on the 28th day of March, 1819, and arrived in our port at six o'clock, p. m., on the 6th day of April. The vessels which she spoke on her voyage, carried into port wonderful tales of her speed and beauty, as she moved upon the waters. Some were greatly alarmed by the singular apparition, being accustomed only to sails as a propelling power on the seas.

On her arrival, the whole population turned out and assembled on the bluff, where, with shouts and waving of handkerchiefs and hats, they greeted the extraordinary visitor. Her voyage was exceedingly tempestuous, and the gallant steamer thoroughly tried and tested by the ordeal, and the ease and safety of her motion, surpassed all that her brave commander had dared to hope for. Her arrival in Savannah we find thus chronicled in the *Republican*, of the 7th of April, 1819:

"The steamship Savannah arrived at our port last evening, after a boisterous passage of seven days, from New York. On her approach to the city, hundreds of citizens flocked to the bank of the river, and while she ascended, saluted her with loud and long huzzas! The utmost confidence is placed in her security. It is redundant to say that the honor of Savannah when it is said that it was owing to the enterprise of some of her spirited citizens that the first attempt was made to cross the Atlantic ocean in a vessel propelled by steam. The Savannah, we understand, will make a trip between this city and Charleston, and then, perhaps, go to Havana and New Orleans, and immediately return to this place. She will then proceed to Liverpool, via New York, unless a sufficiency of passengers should offer direct.

We sincerely hope the owners may reap a rich reward for their splendid and laudable undertaking."

At the appointed hour Waldemar stood by the wicket-gate, and Rose soon joined him. They walked on side by side till the edge of the Bayou was reached. It rolled dark and sullen under the shadow of thick-growing magnolias and cypress. No gleam of sunshine penetrated the dense foliage even at noon; and now all was veiled in a ghostly twilight.

Upon its very brink, at the foot of a gaunt old cypress they stopped, and Waldemar began at once:

"You have never told me yet, Rose, who assisted you in that effective and pretty little masquerade of yours on Mardigras; and now I am determined to know."

Until this time Rose had not looked in his face; as she glanced up now she saw it white, set, desperate—not with the excited desperation of that fatal night, but with the terrible, deliberate energy of a madman.

"Waldemar," she cried, "Oh! don't look so! You frighten me!"

It was indeed the wail of a poor scared child. Waldemar heeded it not.

"Now you must tell me," he repeated in the same tone—but lower, more intense—more terrible.

"I will—I will!"—sobbed the girl, "but I promised so solemnly I never would. She said you had slighted her, and she would be revenged, and she got me the ticket and took me with her in her own carriage. Nobody knew who I was—she said I was a friend—and then we went to her box, and she left me there. And presently I wandered down by myself, and I was leaning against the wall all alone when I saw a domino just like mine. I heard her voice, and I knew it was Miss Weir, and when she dropped her ring—"

Waldemar seemed unable to bear more. He grasped her arm.

"Tell me the name," he muttered between his clenched teeth.

"Oh! my God, would you murder me?" She stepped back as if to escape the fierce clutch—or the glare of those burning eyes.

ers, the wheels were restored to the shafts, all sails set, and she went into the Mersey amidst the wildest astonishment of all beholders.

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July 23d, the Savannah sailed from Liverpool for St. Petersburg, her original destination. She sped in her northern course, says an account, awakening the echoes of the distant Scandinavian shores with sounds even stronger than the shouts and battle songs of the ancient Vikings. The approach of this beautiful messenger from the young civilization of the New World, to the still, half-sleeping monarchies of the Elder Hemisphere, only just shaken in their slumber by the iron hand of Napoleon, was an event in their history full of instruction and prophecy.

At St. Petersburg, Capt. Rogers and his strange crew were met by a Russian demonstration of respect and admiration. The czar himself went on board, complimented the captain, his ship and his countrymen, and made him a present of two iron chairs, which, on his return, Capt. R. devoted to the city of Savannah.

The Savannah remained at St. Petersburg for several weeks, and on her return touched at Copenhagen, Arundel and Norway. Many wished to purchase her. The King of Sweden offered Captain Rogers \$100,000 for her, to be paid in heavy bills of the new New York, Boston and Philadelphia, but the offer was refused. Whether the Captain had no power to sell, or preferred the cash, does not fully appear. The bold little ship turned her course westward and arrived in Savannah, in ballast, November 30th, after a voyage of fifty days from St. Petersburg, including stoppages, all well, and to use Captain Rogers' own language, "neither a screw, bolt nor rope-yarn parted, although she experienced very rough weather."

In the month of December the Savannah visited Washington city, where she astonished the "collective wisdom," and from there went to New York.

With this one trip across the Atlantic, appears to have closed her brilliant career. Why, we cannot say. Perhaps the heavy cost of running her with only wood as fuel would not admit of successful competition with the sails. Be this as it may, soon after her return to New York, and giving to the world a grand step in the march of civilization—glory enough for one ship—the Savannah was divested of her steam apparatus and converted into a packet ship of the same name, and ran for some years between Savannah and New York